



JOSEPHINE

How she fled in the night so cold and so gray
As she packed for travel far and away
Through the silver she stepped into a world unseen
Of a long ago place, to a land in between

On the shore the waves greeted her and sang her a rhyme
Stories of heroes and love so sublime
Maids danced in crystal and handsome men strolled
Animals pranced gaily so beautiful and bold

The mountaintops beckoned her to cliffs made of snow
How far they would take her, no one could know
None had returned from this journey so far
They'd step through the glass and wink out like a star

So up the mountain she strode, her purpose in mind
She sought not treasures but what her soul could find
The trek was long and fraught with care
But no matter the distance she was glad to be there

Her days became long as winter waved by
Spring rang her heart like a blue sapphire sky
In dreams she would visit me, I longed to see her heart
But fate had other plans and our link dashed apart

No longer in my mind by night nor by day
Her soul had fled freely, her spirit cast away
For fifty years now the story's been told
How much rings as true no one can know

I have watched as a sentry through the darkest of night

And awaited her voice at dawn's early light
She's rumored to still walk not in the land of the dead
But in that world in-between where "Farewell" is never said...



The Caretaker's Cottage Library

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